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CONTENTS OF PART LIII.

No. CCXXVII.

WILLING TO DIE.	PAGE
Chapter LVII. "Love took up the Glass of Time"	431
Chapter LVIII. An Awkward Proposal .....	433
Songs and Sailors.....	435
Dumas the Elder's Cookery .....	438
At an Old Country House.....	439
Famous British Regiments. The Forty - Second Highlanders (the Black Watch) .....	493
Modern Roman Mosaics .....	493
Notes or Gold?	
Chapter XXXIX. Confusion worse Confounded	501

No. CCXXVIII.

WILLING TO DIE.	PAGE
Chapter LVIII. Danger .....	505
Chapter LIX. An Intruder .....	506
Chapter LX. Sir Harry's Key .....	508
Fair Play for the Birds .....	509
From Sevastopol to Balaclava .....	512
Green Leaves.....	515
The Observations of Monsieur Chose.	
I. Monsieur Chose's Last Bite .....	515
II. To Paris in Sabots .....	517
What is a Sun?.....	520
Notes or Gold?	
Chapter XL. Suspense .....	524
Chapter XLI. The Birkenshaws .....	526

No. CCXXIX.

WILLING TO DIE.	PAGE
Chapter LXI. A Discovery .....	529
Chapter LXII. Sir Harry Withdraws .....	531
Perfumes.....	533
Granny.....	535
A Buccaneer Ballad .....	537
Famous British Regiments.	
The Life Guards .....	541
Notes or Gold?	
Chapter XLII. The Doctor Dismissed .....	547
Chapter XLIII. The Prompter .....	549
Chapter XLIV. A Conversation .....	550

No. CCXXX.

WILLING TO DIE.	PAGE
Chapter LXIII. At the Three Nuns .....	553
Chapter LXIV. The Will .....	555
Sound and Fury—signifying Something.....	557
Mermaids .....	560
Near the End .....	563
Famous British Regiments.	
The Eighty-Eighth (the Connaught Rangers) .....	563
Notes or Gold?	
Chapter XLV. Will Gardiner in the Fortress .....	570
Chapter XLVI. The Duel .....	571

TITLE AND CONTENTS TO VOLUME IX.

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PAGE	
....	529
....	531
....	533
....	533
....	541
....	541
....	547
....	549
....	550
....	553
....	555
....	557
....	560
....	563
....	563
....	570
....	571

B

211.

E.

107

nd

11.



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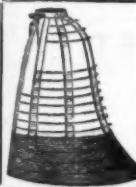
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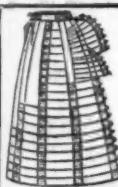
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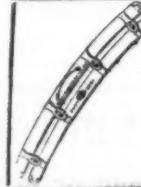
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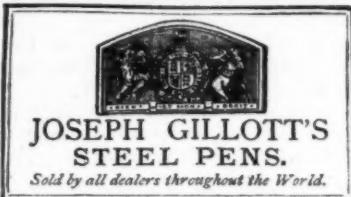
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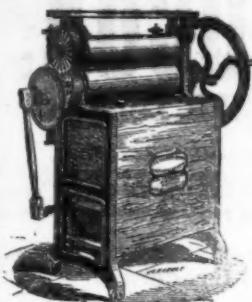
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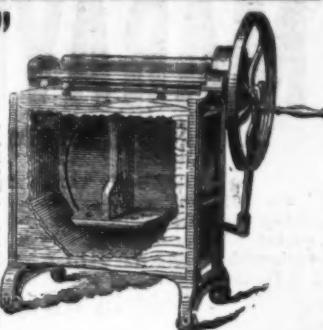
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SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

### CHAPTER LVI. "LOVE TOOK UP THE GLASS OF TIME."

WEEKS glided by, and still the same clear, bright frost, and low, cold, cheerful suns. The dogs so wild with spirits, the distant sounds travelling so sharp to the ear; ruddy sunsets; early darkness; and the roaring fires at home.

Sir Harry Rokestone's voice, clear and kindly, often heard through the house, calls me from the hall; he wants to know whether "little Ethel" will come out for a ride; or, if she would like a drive with him into the town to see the skaters, for in the shallower parts the mere is frozen.

One day I came into Sir Harry's room, on some errand, I forgot what. Mr. Blount was standing, leaning on the mantelpiece, and Sir Harry was withdrawing a large key from the door of an iron safe, which seemed to be built into the wall. Each paused in the attitude in which I had found him, with his eyes fixed on me, in silence. I saw that I was in their way, and said, a little flurried:

"I'll come again; it was nothing of any consequence," and I was drawing back, when Sir Harry said, beckoning to me with his finger:

"Stay, little Ethel—stay a minute; I see no reason, Blount, why we should not tell the lassie."

Mr. Blount nodded acquiescence.

"Come here, my bonny Ethel," said Sir Harry, and turning the key again in the lock, he pulled the door open. "Look in; ye see that shelf? Well, mind that's where I'll leave auld Harry Rokestone's will; ye'll remember where it lies?"

Then he drew me very kindly to him, smoothed my hair gently with his hand, and said:

"God bless you, my bonny lass," and kissed me on the forehead.

Then locking the door again, he said:

"Ye'll mind, it's this iron box, that's next the picture. That's all, lassie."

And thus dismissed, I took my departure.

In this retreat, time was stealing on with silent steps. Christmas was past. Mr. Marston had returned; he lived, at this season, more at our side of the lake, and the house was more cheerful.

Can I describe Mr. Marston with fidelity? Can even I rely upon my own recollection of him?

What had I become? A dreamer of dreams—a dupe of magic. Everything had grown strangely interesting; the lonely place was lonely no more; the old castle of Dorracleugh was radiant with unearthly light.

Unconsciously, I had become the captive of a magician. I had passed under a sweet and subtle mania, and was no longer myself. Little by little, hour by hour, it grew, till I was transformed.

Well, behold me now, wildly in love with Richard Marston.

Looking back now on that period of my history, I see plainly enough that it was my inevitable fate. So much together, and surrounded by a solitude, we were the only young people in the little group which formed our society. Handsome and fascinating—wayward, and even wicked he might have been, but that I might hope was past—he was energetic, clever, passionate; and of his admiration he never allowed me to be doubtful.

My infatuation had been stealing upon

me, but it was not until we had reached the month of May that it culminated in a scene that returns again and again in my solitary reveries, and always with the same tumult of sweet and bitter feelings.

On the day before that explanation took place, my diary, from which I have often quoted, says thus :

" May 9th.—There was no letter, I am sure, by the early post from Mr. Marston ; Sir Harry or Mr. Blount would have been sure to talk of it at breakfast. It is treating his uncle, I think, a little cavalierly.

" Sailed across the lake to-day, alone, to Clunet, and walked about a quarter of a mile up the forest road. How beautiful everything is looking, but how melancholy ! When last I saw this haunted wood, Sir Harry Rokestone and Mr. Marston were with me.

" It seems odd that Mr. Marston stays away so long, and hard to believe that if he tried he might not have returned sooner. He went on the 28th of April, and Mr. Blount thought he would be back again in a week : that would have been on the 5th of this month. I dare say he is glad to get away for a little time ; I cannot blame him ; I dare say he finds it often very dull, say what he will. I wonder what he meant, the other day, when he said he was 'born to be liked least where he loved most' ? He seems very melancholy. I wonder whether there has been some old love, and parting ? Why, unless he liked some one else, should he have quarrelled with Sir Harry, rather than marry as he wished him ? Sir Harry would not have chosen any one for him who was not young and good-looking. I heard him say something one morning that showed his opinion upon that point ; and young men, who don't like any one in particular, are easily persuaded to marry. Well, perhaps his constancy will be rewarded ; it is not likely that the young lady should have given him up.

" May 10th.—How shall I begin ? What have I done ? Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong ! Oh, kind, true friend, Sir Harry, how have I requited you ! It is too late now ; the past is past. And yet, in spite of this, how happy I am !

" Let me collect my thoughts, and write down as briefly as I can an outline of the events of this happy, agitating day.

" No lovelier May day was ever seen. I was enjoying a lonely saunter, at about one o'clock, under the boughs of Lynder Wood, here and there catching the gleam of the waters through the trees, and listening from

time to time to the call of the cuckoo from the hollows of the forest.

" In that lonely region there is no more lonely path than this.

" On a sudden, I heard a step approaching fast from behind me on the path, and, looking back, I saw Mr. Marston coming on, with a very glad smile, to overtake me. I stopped ; I felt myself blushing. He was speaking as he approached : I was confused, and do not recollect what he said ; but hardly a moment passed till he was at my side.

" He was smiling, but very pale. I suppose he had made up his mind to speak. He did not immediately talk of the point on which hung so much ; he spoke of other things ; I can recollect nothing of them.

" He began at length to talk upon that other theme that lay so near our hearts ; our pace grew slower and slower as he spoke on, until we came to a stand-still under the great beech-tree, on whose bark our initials, now spread by time and touched with lichen, but possibly still legible, are carved.

" Well, he has spoken, and I have answered ; I can't remember our words ; but we are betrothed in the sight of Heaven by vows that nothing can ever cancel, till those holier vows, plighted at the altar-steps, are made before God himself, or until either shall die.

" Oh ! Richard, my love, and is it true ? Can it be that you love your poor Ethel with a love so tender, so deep, so desperate ? He has loved me, he says, ever since he first saw me, on the day after his escape, in the garden at Malory !

" I liked him from the first. In spite of all their warnings, I could not bring myself to condemn or distrust him long. I never forgot him during the years we have been separated ; he has been all over the world since, and often in danger, and I have suffered such great and unexpected changes of fortune—to think of our being brought together at last ! Has not Fate ordained it ?

" The only thing that darkens the perfect sunshine of to-day is, that our attachment and engagement must be a secret.

" He says so, and I am sure he knows best.

" He says that Sir Harry has not half forgiven him yet, and that he would peremptorily forbid our engagement. He could unquestionably effect our separation, and make us both inexpressibly miserable. But when I look at Sir Harry's kind, melancholy face, and think of all he has done for

me, my heart upbraids me, and to-night I had to turn hastily away, for my eyes filled suddenly with tears."

#### CHAPTER LVII. AN AWKWARD PROPOSAL.

I WILL here make a few extracts more from my diary, because they contain matters, traced there merely in outline, and of which it is more convenient to present but a skeleton account.

" May 11th.—Richard went early to his farm to-day. I told him last night that I would come down to see him off this morning. But he would not hear of it; and again enjoined the greatest caution. I must do nothing to induce the least suspicion of our engagement, or even of our caring for each other. I must not tell Rebecca Torkill a word about it, nor hint it to any one of the few friends I correspond with. I am sure he is right; but this secrecy is very painful. I feel so treacherous, and so sad, when I see Sir Harry's kind face.

" Richard was back at three o'clock; we met by appointment, in the same path, in Lynder Wood.

" He has told me ever so much, of which I knew nothing before. Mr. Blount told him, he says, that Sir Harry means to leave me an annuity of two hundred a year. How kind, and generous! I feel more than ever the pain and meanness of my reserve. He intends to leave Richard eight hundred a year, and the farm at the other side of the lake. Richard thinks, if he had not displeased him, he would have done more for him. All this, which seems to me very noble, depends, however, upon his continuing to like us, as he does at present. Richard says that he will settle everything he has in the world upon me. It hurts me, his thinking me so mercenary, and talking so soon upon the subject of money and settlements; I let him see this, for the idea of his adding to what my benefactor Sir Harry intended for me had not entered my mind.

" 'It is just, my darling, because you are so little calculating for yourself that I must look a little forward for you,' he said, and so tenderly. 'Whose business is it now to think of such things for you, if not mine? And you won't deny me the pleasure of telling you that I can prevent, thank Heaven, some of the dangers you were so willing to encounter for my sake.'

" Then he told me that the bulk of Sir Harry's property is to go to people not very nearly related to him, called Strafford;

and he gave me a great charge not to tell a word of all this to a living creature, as it would involve him in a quarrel with Mr. Blount, who had told him Sir Harry's intentions under the seal of secrecy.

" I wish I had not so many secrets to keep; but his goodness to me makes me love Sir Harry better every day. I told him all about Sir Harry's little talk with me about his will. I can have no secrets now from Richard."

For weeks, for months, this kind of life went on, eventless, but full of its own hopes, misgivings, agitations. I loved Golden Friars for many reasons, if things so light as associations and sentiments can so be called; founded they were, however, in imagination and deep affection. One of these was and is, that my darling mother is buried there; and the simple and sad inscription on her monument, in the pretty church, is legible on the wall opposite the Rokestone pew.

" That's a kind fellow, the vicar," said Sir Harry; " a bit too simple; but if other sirs were like him, there would be more folk in the church to hear the sermon!"

When Sir Harry made this speech, he and I were sitting in the boat, the light evening air hardly filled the sails, and we were tacking slowly back and forward on the mere, along the shore of Golden Friars.

It was a beautiful evening in August, and the little speech and our loitering here were caused by the sweet music, that pealed from the organ through the open church windows. The good old vicar was a fine musician; and often in the long summer and autumn evenings the lonely old man visited the organ-loft and played those sweet and solemn melodies that so well accorded with the dreamlike scene.

It was the music that recalled the vicar to Sir Harry's thoughts; but his liking for him was not all founded upon that, nor even upon his holy life and kindly ways. It was this: that when he read the service at mamma's funeral, the white-haired vicar, who remembered her a beautiful child, wept; and tears rolled down his old cheeks as with upturned eyes he repeated the noble and pathetic farewell.

When it was over, Sir Harry, who had had a quarrel with the vicar before, came over and shook him by the hand, heartily and long, speaking never a word; his heart was too full. And from that time he liked him, and did not know how to show it enough.

In these long, lazy tacks, sweeping slowly by the quaint old town in silence, broken only by the ripple of the water along the planks, and the sweet and distant swell of the organ across the water, the time flew by. The sun went down in red and golden vapours, and the curfew from the ivied tower of Golden Friars sounded over the darkened lake; the organ was heard no more; and the boat was now making her slow way back again to Dorracleugh.

Sir Harry looked at me very kindly, in silence, for awhile. He arranged a rug about my feet, and looked again in my face.

"Sometimes you look so like bonny Mabel; and when you smile—ye mind her smile? 'Twas very pretty."

Then came a silence.

"I must tell Renwick, when the shooting begins, to send down a brace of birds every day to the vicar," said Sir Harry. "I'll be away myself in a day or two, and I shan't be back again for three weeks. I'll take a house in London, lass; I won't have ye moping here too long; you'd begin to pine for something to look at, and folk to talk to, and sights to see."

I was alarmed, and instantly protested that I could not imagine any life more delightful than this at Golden Friars.

"No, no; it won't do; you're a good lass to say so; but it's not the fact; oh, no—it isn't natural; I can't take you to balls, and all that, for I don't know the people that give them; and all my great lady friends that I knew when I was a younger are off the hooks by this time; but there's plenty of sights to see besides—there's the waxworks, and the wild beasts, and the players, and the pictures, and all the shows."

"But I assure you, I like Golden Friars, and my quiet life at Dorracleugh, a thousand times better than all the sights and wonders in the world," I protested.

If he had but known half the terror with which I contemplated the possibility of my removal from my then place of abode, he would have given me credit for sincerity in my objections to our proposed migration to the capital.

"No, I say, it won't do; you women can't bring yourselves ever to say right out to us men what you think; you mean well; you're a good little thing; you don't want to put the auld man out of his way; but you'd like Lunnon best, and Lunnon ye shall have. You shall have a house you can see your auld acquaintance in, such, I

mean, as showed themselves good-natured when all went wrong wi' ye. You shall show them ye can hand your head as high as ever, and are not a jot down in the world. Never mind, I have said it."

In vain I protested; Sir Harry continued firm. One comfort was that he would not return to put his threat in execution for, at least, three weeks.

If anything were wanting to complete my misery, it was Sir Harry's saying, after a little silence:

"And, see, lass; don't you tell a word of it to Richard Marston; 'twould only make him fancy I'm going to take him; and I'd as lief take the devil; so, mind ye, it's a secret."

I smiled as well as I could, and said something, that seemed to satisfy him, or he took it for granted, for he went on and talked, being much more communicative this evening than usual; while my mind was busy with a miserable separation, and all the difficulties of correspondence that accompany a secret engagement.

So great was the anguish of these anticipations, that I hazarded one more effort to induce him to abandon his London plans, and to let me continue to enjoy my present life at Dorracleugh.

He was, however, quite immovable; he laughed; he told me again and again, that it would not "put him out of his way; not a bit," and he added, "you're falling into a moping, unnatural life, and you've grown to like it, and the more you like it, the less it is fit for you—if you lose your spirits you can't keep your health long."

And when I still persisted, he looked in my face a little darkly, on a sudden, as if a doubt as to my motive had crossed his mind. That look frightened me. I felt that matters might be worse.

Sir Harry had got it into his head, I found, that my health would break down, unless he provided the sort of change and amusement which he had decided on. I don't know to which of the wiseacres of Golden Friars I was obliged for this crotchet, which promised me such an infinity of suffering, but I had reason to think, afterwards, that old Miss Goulding of Wrybiggins was the friend who originated these misgivings about my health and spirits. She wished, I was told, to marry her niece to Richard Marston, and thought, if I and Sir Harry were out of the way, her plans would act more smoothly.

Richard was at home; it was our tea-

time; I had not an opportunity of saying a word to him unobserved. I don't know whether he saw by my looks that I was unhappy.

### SONGS AND SAILORS.

I DO not purpose to write a history of the British tar from the earliest period to the present time, nor do I wish to inflict on the reader that preliminary sketch of the Viking, without which no dissertation on the maritime greatness of Britain is complete. With merciful reticence I abstain from tracing the cause, rise, and development of the idea that Britannia rules the waves, and I also forbear a disquisition on the gradual evolution of the British navy from the piratical and buccaneering elements of previous ages. Moreover, with manly fortitude I forego a comparison of the characters of Sir Andrew Barton, Sir Francis Drake, and Lord Nelson, and proceed at once to trace the development of the heroic and sentimental idea of the British tar as set forth in the works of English poets and dramatists.

That accomplished and prosperous poet, and "fine old English gentleman," Geoffrey Chaucer, in sketching his Canterbury pilgrims, never fails to invest each character, not only with strong individuality, but also with all the salient peculiarities of his class. In the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, the Shipman is drawn in by no means flattering colours, and it is worthy of remark that the first English poet who mentions a sailor, fails not to allude sarcastically to the ungracefulness of his equitation—a point made the most of by Smollett some three and a half centuries later. It is some consolation, however, to discover that so early as the reign of Richard the Second a man might be considered a good fellow even if he were not possessed of all the cardinal virtues :

A Shipman was ther, wond fer by West,  
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.  
He rode upon a rounce as he couthe.

All in a goun of falding to the knee,  
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee,  
About his nekke under his arm adoun,  
The hote summer hadde made his hewe all broun.  
And certainly he was a good felaw,  
Ful many a draught of wi he hadde draw  
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.  
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.  
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,  
By water he sent hem home to every land.

Having disposed of the moral peculiarities of the tar of the period, Chaucer next pro-

ceeds to dilate upon his extended geographical knowledge :

He knew wel alle the havens, as they were  
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,  
And every creke in Bretagne or in Spaine,  
His barge yclepled was the Magdelaine.

### Boasting that

Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe,

the Shipman proceeds to tell a story—telling unfortunately nothing of the manners, customs, and diction of the shipmen of the day, but reflecting severely on the loose manners of the clergy and the stinginess of the mercantile classes. In it, however, it is impossible to find any trace of chivalrous devotion to womankind, and it is singular that in the three centuries separating Chaucer from Wycherly, that not only is no trace of this sentiment to be discovered, but that the poetical and dramatic estimate of the sailor remained, in spite of the maritime glories of Elizabeth's reign, at the same uniformly low level.

In the character of Manly, in the Plain Dealer, we detect the primeval elements of honesty and plain-speaking, and also of that bluntness which is so essential to the marine composition. Manly, however, is an officer, a disappointed man, and his humour is of a grim misanthropic complexion, while his followers are simply rough sea-dogs, distinguished by their unshaken fidelity to their captain, and enlivened, moreover, by touches of coarse fun. The captain himself despairs the use of nautical metaphor, albeit his followers indulge largely therein ; but in Congreve's comedy of Love for Love, we discover a thorough sea-dog, who, although commander of a ship, has none of the refined epigrammatic savageness of Manly, and cannot utter a single speech without betraying his profession. Ben cannot endure the idea of matrimony, for "A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors ; he is chained to an oar all his life, and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain."

In his interview with Miss Prue, Ben appears to even less advantage than in the preceding scene, and on the young lady telling him in somewhat uncomplimentary terms that she does not like him, he proceeds in the roughest manner to compare her with Mrs. Frail, very much to the advantage of the latter lady. "Who are you ? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord :

whatever you think of yourself, gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch." The young lady appears to be equal to the occasion, retorts with considerable asperity, and crushes Ben with the epithets, "sea-calf" and "tar-barrel."

The Earl of Dorset's famous song,

To all you ladies now on land,  
We men of sea indite,  
But first we'd have you understand  
How hard it is to write,

is the work of a fresh-water sailor, and is completely devoid of the true salt-water twang. Lord Dorset went to sea to fight the Dutch at a period when the British navy was at a very low ebb. It must not be forgotten that, down to a comparatively late period, men were more many-sided than at present. A man of fair ability might easily become, as Mrs. Malaprop says of Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once," and figure, by turns, afloat, in the field, and at the council board. Blake was "admiral and general at sea," a designation odd enough to the ears of degenerate moderns who devote an entire life to the acquirement of one specialty.

Defoe, although author of the immortal Robinson Crusoe, of the strange adventures of Captain Singleton, and of other narratives of the great deep, is by no means a flattering painter of nautical character. Hogarth portrays the sailor in anything but heroic fashion, and, in his Industrious and Idle Apprentices, sends the idle youth to sea, as if that element were the natural destiny of the "ne'er-do-well." In the whole of Smollett's works are to be found no more grotesque characters or caricatures than Commodore Truncheon and his "follower or henchman," Tom Pipes.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that the heroic side of the British sailor remained almost invisible to the British eye, until the long war with France, and the songs of Dibdin, combined together to produce the ideal man-of-war's man. In the mean time, however, the tar had not been entirely overlooked on the sentimental side, as is proved by Gay's charming ballad of Black-eyed Susan. Gay, however, had a knack of investing anybody or anything with a halo of sentiment, and it is not to be wondered at that the author who succeeded in writing a Newgate pastoral, and in making Captain Macheath an interesting person, should have discovered the first authentic instance of the romantic sailor.

Apart from the songs which depict the

British tar as a hero are some which represent him as the victim of an unhappy attachment, and others which set forth in strong relief the philosophic or devil-may-care side of his character. Among those of the latter classes we may select two for the purpose of illustrating divers phases of the marine mind. The sentimental tar is the hero of the mournful but punning ballad of Young Ben who "was a carpenter, a carpenter by trade." While engaged in "fetching a walk" one day with his betrothed, one "Sally Brown, which was a lady's maid," young Ben is pounced upon by the press-gang and summarily "brought to," carried off to the "tender-ship" in spite of the "hardship" of his case, and serves the king manfully for three years. At the expiration of this period he returns in search of Sally Brown, who was at first inconsolable at his mishap, and is horror-struck to find that Miss Brown has during his absence proved false, and now has "another Ben whose christian name was John." After addressing a few remonstrances to Miss Brown, Ben gives way to despair, and

Pondering o'er his 'bacca-box, he heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe, and then to pipe his eye.

It is further recorded that this victim of ill-requited affection "chewed his pigtail till he died."

His death, which happened in his berth, some forty odd can tell;  
They went and told the sexton, and the sexton toll'd the bell.

Let us now contrast for one moment the lachrymose lover of Miss Brown, who after all was not a genuine salt, but a mere carpenter who had gone to sea on compulsion—and perhaps is therefore hardly a fair sample of his class—with that jovial specimen of the true British sailor, Jack Robinson. Jack arrives at Portsmouth after several years of foreign service, and like a hearty fellow as he is, accosts the first man whom he meets with an inquiry as to the whereabouts of Polly Gray, the idol of his heart. The stranger says he does not happen to know the lady, but proposes that Jack should forthwith partake of a "good can of flip." His conduct at this trying moment gives the keynote to Jack's character. He does not fret and worry about Miss Gray, but proceeds to enjoy his flip.

In a public-house they set them down,  
And talked of admirals of high renown,  
They drank as much grog as came to half a crown  
Did this strange man and Jack Robinson.

Jack was unwittingly drinking flip on the brink of a volcano, for

When they came the reckoning to pay,  
The landlady came in fine array,  
"Why, shiver me!" says Jack, "Why, hero's Polly  
Gray!"

and gives vent to some premature jubilation on recognising his ladye-love, who soon dashes his spirits by informing him that she has "got a mate," having long since given J. R. over for dead on evidence which to the general reader appears, to say the least, unsatisfactory:

"For somebody told me that somebody had said  
That somebody had heard that somebody had read  
In some newspaper or other as how that you was dead."  
"Why, I never died at all," said Jack Robinson.

After this rather superfluous assertion of his undiminished vitality, J. R. makes a few remarks of a tender nature respecting a handkerchief that Miss Gray had given him on his departure, and declares that :

"I've often looked upon it, and then I've thought of  
thee!"  
Now upon my soul I have!" said Jack Robinson.

There are no tears, no blubbering, no whining appeals on this occasion. Mr. Robinson faces the position with the mind of a philosopher, and dismisses the unpleasant subject from his mind for ever.

Jack filled his pipe and finished his glass,  
And then he cried out, "Alas! alas!  
That ever I should live to be made such an ass,  
To be bilked by a woman," said Jack Robinson.  
"I'll get another ship, and I'll sail away again  
To Holland or to Greenland, to Turkey, France, or  
Spain,  
But wherever I may go, to Portsmouth never come  
again!"

He was off before you could say "Jack Robinson!" Here we have the type of the man of action, who drowns sentimental grievances in work and liquor, a very different creation to the ideal tar of Dibdin, Douglas Jerrold, and T. P. Cooke. Dibdin, versatile as he was, is never so much at home as when portraying the many good qualities of the heroic tar. No prettier love-song exists than the Heart of a Tar, and in the True English Sailor Dibdin lays down the law very authoritatively and very neatly:

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,  
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;  
His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent,  
And this is the life of a sailor.

'Long-side of an enemy, boldly and brave,  
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;  
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,  
So noble's the mind of a sailor.  
  
To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,  
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer;  
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,  
And this is a true English sailor.

This doctrine once laid down, all becomes easy, and there can be little doubt of the excellent influence exercised by

such songs as Dibdin's upon the maritime fraternity. Very few thoroughly hearty fellows feel annoyed at the recognition of their good qualities, and those fellows who are not "thorough"—the vast army of moderate mortals, marine and terrestrial—cannot fail to be improved by constantly having a high type of manhood set before them, coupled with the assumption that they more or less partake of it.

As a proof of the strength of Dibdin's songs, many instances may be brought forward of the dramatisation of his ditties, and of the expansion of a story knit compactly together in a few stanzas into a full-blown nautical novel. Captains Marryat and Chamier did much to maintain the noble idea of the British tar, without losing sight of his humorous and Bohemian instincts; but the highest expression of the transcendental conception of sailorhood was reserved for Douglas Jerrold. In Black-eyed Susan—founded, of course, upon Gay's ballad—we find the sailor in his glory, trim and "taut." He thinks foul scorn of the lubbers who would "hang out false signals to a petticoat," falls foul of them at once, without waiting to "row alongside," rescues woman in distress, and then—as is not uncommonly the case—gets into trouble. In his speech to the court-martial both pathos and nautical metaphor are plentifully used, and William ultimately sails off triumphantly with the black-eyed one under his lee.

Albeit the poets of our own day have failed to produce such stirring battle-songs as the Mariners of England, the Saucy Arethusa, and Trafalgar Bay, the home affections of the tar have occasionally been set in strong relief. Kingsley's Three Fishers is likely to survive many of his more ambitious efforts, and it is pleasant to find that Doctor W. C. Bennett's Songs for Sailors—a recently published volume—has been adopted by the authorities "for use in ships." A Fisher-Wife's Song is so perfect an expression of the anxiety of those "near and dear" to the valiant men who "go down to the sea in ships," that it is impossible to refrain from quoting it.

#### A FISHER-WIFE'S SONG.

"Oh, gull, gull! grey gull of the sea,  
Gull skimming landwards, O tell it to me;  
Tell me my Philip's brown trawler you see,  
Riding safe home to her port on her lee,  
Beating safe, safely home to Clovelly and me.

"Oh, gull, gull! oh, winged but like you,  
That I might the foam-thickened storm circle through  
Till his red sail I saw, and his dear face I knew,  
His hand to his helm, and his heart to us true,  
Beating safe to Clovelly, and oh, to us too!"

"Oh, wife, wife! I've swept the black squall  
That's hiding the in-rolling thunder from all.  
Before Him, who saves, with your little ones fall.  
I've seen the best handler of oar and of trawl  
To Clovelly and you beating safely through all."

It is depressing to find that in all the heroic and sentimental narratives of which the British tar has been the subject, the old world theory of navigation prevails. The "wind that blows," and the "ship that goes" are no longer correlative terms. "A wet sheet and a flowing sail," and the "breeze that follows fast," are now comparatively unimportant, and the "weather gauge" has become a matter of less moment than a high number of revolutions. What sarcastic old salts call the poetry of the tea-kettle has not yet been produced, but still we need not despair. Swelling sails may have disappeared, pig-tails, slacks, and even the noble manœuvre yeclpt "splicing the mainbrace" may have followed them, and the science of maritime warfare may be reduced to an affair of artillermen, stokers, and patent ironmongery, but the solid residuum of true manhood is yet with us, and while that remains the halo of heroism will never fail to surround the British tar.

#### DUMAS THE ELDER'S COOKERY.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the Elder was an excellent example of the maxim "Ex nihilo, nihil fit," "Out of nothing, nothing is produced." Without coals, you can't have steam, nor engine-work, nor locomotion. Dumas, eminently hardworking and locomotive, kept up his steam by a liberal supply of fuel, and that of the choicest quality.

Alexandre Dumas was a famous eater, just as he was a delightful romancer. His powerful constitution, which Michelet called "a force of nature," producing much, expended much. Few men travelled, contrived, or wrote more than he did. Rarely has a robuster frame supported a more prolific brain. He instinctively studied what some one has called "the system of alimentation required by superior creatures." His *Mémoires* and his *Impressions de Voyage* prove that at an early age he understood the part "la table" plays in life. His travels afterwards made him familiar with a multitude of exotic preparations.

When one's thoughts are daily occupied with a subject, which subject is a matter of vital necessity, it is natural to write a book

about it, especially, also, when one is a book-writer by trade. Dumas, who was a proficient in cookery, consequently wrote a cookery-book. "I should like," he often said, "to conclude my literary work of five hundred volumes with a *livre de cuisine*." We feel inclined to suspect that he applied to this book also his usual mode of composition; namely, to finish the work in his head before putting pen to paper, and that death unfortunately intervened between this mental completion and the full transcription. We are told, however, that the *Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine* was written in the course of 1869, and the manuscript delivered to his friend and publisher, Alphonse Lemerre, in March, 1870. The condition of Paris after that date explains the delay of its publication. At any rate, we have a posthumous treatise which bears evident marks of the master hand, even though workmen may have been employed on the stitching of the notes together. It weighs five pounds, and costs twenty francs—a proof how highly Monsieur Lemerre values it. We accept the legacy such as it comes to us, though sometimes, as is the way of the world, wishing it were fatter and fuller.

Shall we preach the importance of eating and drinking—that is, of eating and drinking well? Dumas's motto is, "Man is fed, not by what he swallows, but by what he digests." Man, at his birth, received from his stomach the command to eat at least three times a day, in order to restore the strength taken out of him by work and, still more frequently, by idleness. In whatever country man is born, whatever be his religious scruples, eating is a necessity—the grand preoccupation both of savage and of civilised manhood. Only, the savage eats out of sheer starvation; the civilised man through gourmandise. Dumas wrote for the civilised; the savage needs nothing to sharpen his appetite.

Of appetites, the sorts are three. That which is felt after a fast, an imperious sensation which never squabbles over a bill of fare, and which would be satisfied, in case of need, with a bit of raw meat as well as with a roast and truffled pheasant. That felt when, seated at table without being hungry, some savoury dish is approvingly tasted; which sort of appetite gave rise to the proverb, "L'appétit vient en mangeant." The third is the appetite excited (after the savoury dish arriving in the middle of a dinner) by some delicious dainty brought in at the close, when sober guests would

rise from table without regret, although they linger there under the influence of this last temptation.

Man ought to eat in a sitting posture. Homer—and his heroes have excellent appetites—makes the Greeks and the Trojans eat seated on separate seats, and not crowded on benches. When Ulysses arrives at Alcinoüs's palace, the prince orders a magnificent chair to be brought him. The Egyptians, we learn from Atheneus, took their meals seated at table. The Romans did the same up to the close of the second Punic war, which ended B.C. 202, when they followed the lazy and inconvenient Greek custom of reclining, at dinner, on luxurious couches, each guest having a couch to himself. Persons invited brought their napkins, some of which were of cloth of gold. Alexander Severus was content with striped linen napkins woven for his sole and special use. Instead of ladies leaving the table in the middle of dessert, at Athens and Corinth it was the moment when they entered.

Spices, now universally employed in cookery, were exceedingly rare before Columbus had discovered America, and Vasco de Gama the Cape route to India. In 1263, they were so scarce and valuable that the Abbot of St. Gilles, in Languedoc, having a great favour to beg of King Louis le Jeune, could think of nothing more persuasive to send with his petition than a few parcels of spices. The presents made to judges were called "épices," and the expression is not quite obsolete. Pepper has only been popularised in France for a hundred and fifteen or twenty years. Monsieur Poivre, a native of Lyons, transported it from the Ile de France to Cochin-China. Previously, pepper was worth its weight in gold. Grocers who were lucky enough to possess a few ounces, inscribed on their shop-front "Epicier," "Poivrier," "Spicer, Pepperer."

Have spices stimulated man's intellect? Are we to thank them for Ariosto, Tasso, Boccaccio? Did spice inspire Titian's masterpieces? Dumas is inclined to think so; for Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Guido, and Raffael, were all of them distinguished gourmands.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, under Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First, people dined at ten in the morning and supped at four; the rest of the day was occupied by parties, walks, or rides. In the seventeenth century, they dined at noon and supped at seven. The curious will find a number of forgotten and lost dishes men-

tioned in the Mémoires of Louis the Thirteenth's doctor, Hérouard, who recorded the breakfasts and dinners set before the king. At that time, in great families, dinner was announced by blowing a horn. Hence the phrase, "Cornez le diner," "Horn the dinner," now out of use.

The first restaurant in Paris was established by one Boulanger, in the Rue des Pouilles, in the middle of the last century. His door was surmounted by the device, "Venite omnes, qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restorabo vos," "Come, all ye who are faint at stomach, and I will restore you." The invention of restaurants was a grand step in advance. The few hotels that had tables d'hôte gave no more food than was absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. The traiteurs or cook-shops sold nothing less than whole joints. To give a dinner to a friend, you were obliged to buy an entire leg of mutton, or a turkey, or a fillet of beef. There was genius in the bold conception of a completely new branch of trade; that, if one customer came to eat the wing of a fowl, another would be glad to pick the leg.

The First Revolution, which demolished almost everything else, increased the number of restaurants. The cooks and stewards whose wealthy masters were either guillotined or émigrés, turned philanthropists on finding themselves out of place, and devoted their talents to the public service. Subsequently, without abandoning their profession, they asserted its aristocratic origin. After the first restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, the restaurateur Beauvilliers appeared in his dining-rooms in court dress with his sword by his side. After Paris, San Francisco is the town which numbers the most restaurateurs, of all countries, Chinese included. An authentic bill of fare comprises, amongst other delicacies, dog soup, cat cutlets, roast dog, dog pâté, and stewed rats.

Dumas, when projecting his work on cookery, never dreamt of confining himself to the kitchen. His book was a recreation; and his only difficulty lay, not in the matter, but in the form. If he made it a discursive and fanciful essay, like Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût*, the profession, cooks and cooresses, would not vouchsafe it the slightest attention. If he made it a mere practical treatise, like *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, the general reader would exclaim, "It was well worth Dumas's while to turn his back on plays and novels, to tell us, in a volume of eleven hundred pages, that the

rabbit likes to be skinned alive, but that the hare prefers to wait!" The author had a higher ambition, to be read by the reading public and practised by the professional artist. Above all, after travelling in Italy and Spain, where the eating is bad, and in the Caucasus and Africa, where there is no eating at all, good or bad, he wished to indicate the means of better eating where it is bad, and of eating something where the bills of fare are blanks.

In Spain, for instance, the vinegar is tasteless, while the oil on the contrary is powerfully rancid. Consequently, it is impossible to eat salad, although the heat makes you long for a mouthful of something cool and fresh. Dumas discovered the remedy by substituting raw egg-yolks for oil, and lemon-juice for vinegar. This mixture, poured over tender hearts, whether of cos or cabbage lettuce, and sufficiently supported by pepper and salt, supplied an exquisite salad which he finally preferred to salad as usually prepared in France.

But, after all, Dumas thinks that mankind are not born to live on salad, but that they eat it out of whim and excessive civilisation, and what drives him the more to insist on this opinion is the fact that, in many houses, the salad is made an appendage to the roast. The idea of eating salad with a haunch of roe-deer well mariné, with pheasants arrived at exactly the critical point, with woodcocks reclining on their luscious toasts! It is simply rank and flagrant heresy. One dish spoils the other. All high-flavoured game should be eaten alone, with the gravy which is logically its essential sauce.

But a different sort of heresy, a culinary impurity, to use the proper word, although it has prevailed at the best—no, the grandest—tables, is to have the salad made by a servant! Why, for success in this complex work, it requires a physician, or at least a chemist! Hence, what melancholy salads! Recal your sad and painful souvenirs. Have you ever tasted, at sundry grand dinners, salads into which a fellow in cotton gloves mixes you two pinches of salt, one of pepper, a spoonful of vinegar, and two of oil? The knowing ones add a spoonful of mustard!

And they hand you this insipid mess, when? At the moment when your hunger is three parts satisfied, and you want something piquant to restore your lost appetite. It is the duty of the master or the mistress of the house, if they are worthy of that sacred office, to undertake the seasoning of

this dish. And the task should be completed a full hour before dinner, during which hour it should three or four times be turned and returned.

Salad is an air with more variations than space will allow us to introduce here. You are acquainted (perhaps not) with all the salad plants, from broad-leaved endive to cos lettuce. Only, "in the extraordinary case of your liking the sort known as Capuchin's beard," Dumas gives the counsel, which you will think strange at first, but whose excellence you will afterwards acknowledge, to mix violets with it, and to throw in two or three pinches of the violet powder (pulverised orris-root or Florentine iris), which is put into little bags to perfume linen, and likewise to powder our precious babes.

It is not generally known that that invigorating viand the Bifteck was the first connecting link, in the present century, between those then mortal enemies, the French and the English. Dumas remembers having witnessed the birth of the Bifteck in France, after the campaign of 1815, when the English remained two or three years in Paris. Till then, the respective cookeries had been separated by as wide a gulf as had divided the polities of the two nations. No little terror was felt by French minds at finding beefsteaks stealthily creeping into the foremost kitchens. Nevertheless, being an eclectic people, without prejudices—we were not aware of that—as soon as they perceived that the gift did not poison them, they adventurously held out their plates, and voted to Bifteck the freedom of the city.

There exists, however, a radical difference between French and English beef-steaks. We have taken novices to Parisian restaurants, to enjoy their astonishment at discovering that they could get, in France, a beefsteak as tender as in England. As tender, yes; of equal flavour, no; for the French steak is always the "filet" sautéed with mushrooms, potatoes, or otherwise. The French make beefsteaks with the underpart of the loin, called by old-fashioned cooks "the roll," whereas it is the rump which furnishes the true English steak. But this part of the animal, Dumas explains, is always tenderer with us; because we feed our oxen better, and kill them younger than they do in France.

"English cooks," he says, "take a rump of beef, and cut it into slices half an inch thick. They flatten it a little, and cook it on an iron plate made expressly for the

purpose, employing coals instead of charcoal. The true fillet steak should be laid on a hot gridiron over a bright charcoal fire, and turned only once, to retain the gravy, which will mingle in the dish with the maître d'hôtel sauce. In order to form a correct opinion of rump-steak, I eat it every time I go to England, and always with renewed pleasure. It is infinitely more savoury than fillet steak. You should taste it in the English taverns, sautéed with Madeira, or anchovy butter, or a bed of watercress well dashed with vinegar. I would advise it to be eaten with pickled gherkins, if any nation in the world knew how to pickle gherkins.

"For French bifteck, the best sauce is maître d'hôtel, because there is a predominant flavour of fine herbs and lemon. But allow me to make an observation. I behold our cooks beat their biftecks on the kitchen table with the flat side of their cleaver. I believe the practice to be a serious error, and that they thereby knock out of the meat certain nutritive principles which have an important part to play when the mastication scene arrives. In general, ruminant animals are better in England than in France, because, throughout their life, they are treated with particular care. The sheep, fed on grass fresher than ours, have flavours which are to us unknown. Where English cookery is completely at fault, is in the domain of sauces—as Voltaire said, they have seventy religions, and only one sauce; but big fishes and butchers' meat are infinitely finer in London than in Paris."

Cutlets attained their climax of perfection under Louis the Eighteenth, who, even in his tête-à-tête dinners with Monsieur d'Avaray, lavished the most elaborate luxury. His cutlets were not simply grilled on the gridiron, but between two other cutlets. The partaker thereof himself opened this marvellous cutlet on his plate, so as not to lose an atom of the perfume or the gravy. His ortolans were roasted inside partridges stuffed with truffles, making majesty sometimes hesitate for minutes between the bird and the cryptogam. A tasting jury sat on the fruits proposed to be served at the royal table; Monsieur Petit-Radel, librarian to the Institut, was the official degustator of peaches—respecting whom, a peach-testing anecdote has the only fault of being too long to transfer here.

It is a pleasure to find that our dilettante cook had so good an opinion of Eng-

lish comestibles. About some of them he tells us more than we knew before. Ale is so called because it means everything, all; for the reason that, with the English, this drink can replace every other beverage. It is a liquor obtained by the infusion of "moult," and only differs from beer in the small quantity of hops put into it. It is pleasant tipple, but tipsyfying; in reasonable doses very refreshing.

Our giblet-pie passes, through a transformation scene, into pâté de giblettes piaié à l'anglaise, enveloped in a grand and costly recipe, which would make an English cook (good plain) throw herself out of window in despair if her kitchen were not down-stairs in the area. But giblets, abatis, have a much wider sense in French than in English cookery. They comprise cockscombs, the pinions, gizzards, necks, &c., of all poultry and game, sweet-breads, calves' brains, sheeps' tongues, dorsal nerves, and other trimmings.

Apple's cake, of the ordinary kind, and apple's cake of the Queen Anne, are preparations which perfidious Albion has pilfered from Gallia's treasury. Are not the two recipes to be found in French formulaires of the seventeenth century, and notably in the "Menn Royal des diners de Marly"? The English have only followed the original tradition, and forced on those sweets the name they now bear. There is another cake or kake (pronounce "kick") which is popular, whether with raisins or without, besides the ceremonial "kick" compounded when the English proceed to marry their children.

Plum-pudding is a farinaceous dish without which no Englishman can make a good dinner. It has also of late invaded France, where they often spoil it (in your critic's opinion) by baking instead of boiling it. Note, for a wonder, that Dumas's elaborate receipt does not forget—as has been forgotten—the napkin or basin in which to boil it. On the whole, we must allow, he does justice to pudding, giving an approving welcome to bread, cabinet, and grand marrow pudding. Amongst sauces—a wilderness of sweets and savouries—he originates a novel form of the much-vexed orthography of—ket-chop.

Like Doctor Johnson, he makes his Dictionnaire the vehicle of his own private prejudices. Salmon à la génevoise is a sad take in, he thinks. The head and shoulders of the fish ought to be cooked with certain surroundings, including a bath of wine to inundate the whole. But the Genevese

never practise the receipt. They pour the wine down their throats instead of putting it into the fish-kettle.

#### AT AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

FAR from the moil of road or rail, a grand old mansion stands,  
'Neath stately wealth of beech, and oak, mid green and wooded lands.  
No whistling peasant breaks the calm, no sound falls on the ear  
Save pipe of blackbird on the thorn, or crop of browing deer.  
Grey gleam the gables in the light of half-awakened day,  
The turret clock sounds out its chimes, and as they die away,  
The music of their echoing tones rings forth a requiem sweet,  
Of those who lived, and loved, and died, at that old country seat!  
Lived—maybe, centuries ago—when knighthood's open hand,  
Showered largesse on the vassal crew, who tilled the ancestral land;  
When ancient chivalry outshone the gold of modern greed,  
And knightly spurs were never won without a knightly deed!  
The dial-plate, with moss o'ergrown, still marks the passing hour,  
The jasmine stars still blossom sweet, the crimson roses flower;  
The chestnut spikes with summer snow still strew the shaven lawn,  
And from the lilac thicket still, the brown thrush hails the dawn.  
The violet cloud-banks in the sky are shot with crimsoned gold  
And still the nightingale sings on, the song she sang of old.  
Still o'er yon belt of black-plumed pines, the moon's white crescent shows,  
And onward still, 'twixt rush-girt banks, the lily river flows.  
But ah! that grand old country seat, has seen long since its day,  
The glories of its lords of old, have waned, and passed away.  
Yet long may its grey battlements, amid the old oaks stand,  
A landmark to us, of the times when Honour ruled the land!

#### FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

##### THE FORTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS (THE BLACK WATCH).

IN 1725, the government enrolled six companies of the warlike young Scottish mountaineers, to enforce the Disarming Act, to guard the streets of Edinburgh, to prevent revengeful reprisals and plunder between rival clans, and to stop the frequent forays on the peaceful Lowlands. The officers were drawn chiefly from the loyal clans of Campbell, Grant, and Munroe. As the clan tartans of the regiment were chiefly black, blue, and dark green, their sombre dress procured

the newly-raised soldiers the nickname of the "Black Watch," in contradistinction to the regular soldiers of King George, who were called in the Highlands the "Red Soldiers."

On the breaking out of the war with Spain, George the Second enlisted four more companies of these hardy troops, and formed a regiment, which he placed under the command of Colonel John Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, with plenty of Munroes, Colquhouns, Campbells, Grants, and Macphersons as subordinate officers. These Highland soldiers, inured to hardships by long days of deer-stalking, clan fights, and mountain clamber, wore the picturesque national dress. Their arms were more numerous than those of any other soldiers. They carried a musket, bayonet, and large basket-hilted claymore (which they could wield with deadly effect), while those who chose were permitted to carry a dirk, a pair of pistols, and a nail-studded target. Their sword-belts were black, their cartridge-boxes were carried in front, and they all wore the large badger-skin sporran or pouch.

In 1743, George the Second resolved to send the Black Watch to Flanders, where we were then supporting the House of Austria against the Elector of Bavaria and the King of France. The regiment was reviewed on Finchley Common by General Wade, and two of the soldiers were taken to St. James's Palace to perform the broad-sword exercise in the king's presence, to the astonishment of the court ladies, few of whom had ever before seen men in petticoats. On the point of embarkation, one hundred of the men, reluctant to leave their country, and under an apprehension that they were to be sent to the West Indies, mutinied, and started to return to Scotland, but were quickly pursued by squadrons of Wade's Horse and Churchill's Dragoons. The Highlanders, strongly posted in Lady Wood, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, prepared at first for a stubborn resistance, but when convinced of the mistake under which they laboured, they surrendered. Three of the mutineers were shot at the Tower of London, and the remainder were drafted to the colonies they had so much dreaded.

The Black Watch joined the army a few days after our victory at Dettingen. At Fontenoy the Highlanders fought like lions, sweeping the French sharpshooters before them over the plain; they forced a breastwork with sword, pistol, and dirk;

and impatient of the stolid help of the Dutch, stormed, sword in hand, a post held by the French Guards. Thrice the French gave way, but the last charge of Marshal Saxe (then fast dying) repulsed us, and we fell back covered by the Highlanders, who lined the hedges, and obstinately covered the retreat. At the last pass, Lord Crawford took off his hat, and thanked the Black Watch, saying they had acquired as much honour in covering the retreat as if they had won the battle. The Highlanders offered anything they chose to ask as a reward by the duke, only begged for the pardon of a comrade of theirs sentenced to be flogged, which, they said, would be a disgrace to their families and their country. A French writer speaks of "the Highland furies who rushed in upon us with more violence than a sea driven by a tempest." The regiment lost two officers and thirty men, while ninety-seven were wounded.

In 1754, when the French under Montcalm attacked us in America, the Forty-second were again to the fore. In 1758, they fought desperately in an attempt to storm the fortress of Ticonderoga, a place situated on a spit of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George, surrounded on three sides by water, and on half the other side by a morass. To protect the opening there were high entrenchments, flanked by three batteries, and every interstice blocked with felled trees. Abercromby, learning that three thousand French were advancing to relieve the place, ordered an assault. The grenadiers were to lead, and in the reserve were the Highlanders. Our engineers had reported too favourably of the Ticonderoga breastworks. The traverses and trees were lined by two thousand eight hundred French troops of the line, and our men fell fast from the fire of their sheltered enemies. Our artillery had not been brought, and no scaling ladders had been provided. The Highlanders, impatient of the delay, pushed to the front, and hewed a way through the trees with their broadswords. The French being thrust back into their fort, the Highlanders climbed up on each other's shoulders, and dug holes for their feet with their swords and bayonets; but for a time every man was hurled down the moment he reached the top. At length, Captain John Campbell (one of the very men presented to George the Second in 1743) forced a way into the breastwork, but was instantly bayoneted. After four

hours of this hopeless work the general sounded a retreat; but the Highlanders' blood was up, and they were reluctant to obey. It was not till Colonel Grant had given a third order that they fell back, leaving behind them eight officers, nine sergeants, two hundred and ninety-seven men killed; and seventeen officers and three hundred and six soldiers wounded. "The Forty-second fought that day," says an eye-witness, "like lions breaking from their chains." Careless of death, they were only anxious to avenge their slain friends. They battled like men of ancient Rome. Even those who were mortally wounded, cried to their companions not to waste a thought upon them, but to follow on and save their honour. Our general, however, disconcerted by his loss, gave up any further attempt on Ticonderoga. For their extraordinary bravery in this discomfiture, the king conferred upon the regiment the title of the "Forty-second Royal Highland Regiment of Foot."

In the American war the Highlanders laid aside their pistols and swords, and they were not resumed. Their pistols were considered useless, and the broadswords impeded the men as they passed through the American forests. An anecdote of this war in 1777 is too good to be lost. At a skirmish round some provision waggonns at Pisguate, a Sergeant Macgregor, of the Forty-second, was left half dead upon the ground. His silver-laced jacket and silver-buckled shoes attracted an American plunderer. His party being on the retreat, the Yankee threw Sandie on his back to strip him at his leisure. Unluckily, however, for Uncle Sam, Macgregor, reviving, snatched out his dirk, and clutching his captor's throat, swore he would stab him dead unless he instantly carried him to Cornwallis's camp, which the Yankee reluctantly did, avowing to our general (for Macgregor had again fainted) that he could not help himself. These Highlanders, indeed, were as "*cute*" as they were staunch. In a foraging expedition in 1777, in the woods, one of the Forty-second suddenly caught sight of a Yankee. Both men's guns were unloaded, and each sprang to a tree for cover while he loaded. Each man was afraid to venture out first, and each kept close to his tree, reluctant to play the first card. At last the Highlander, clapping his bonnet on his bayonet, moved it gently just outside the tree. The same moment it dropped with a

bullet through it, but the next instant the Highlander's gun was at the American's heart, and a rough voice shouted, " Tam her, surrender!"

One day, in the Duke of York's inglorious campaign in Flanders, four hundred French cavalry (mistaken for Hessians) dashed into Alost, and slashed at all they met. Macdonald, one of the Forty-second, passing through the market-place at the time with a basket of rations on his head, was attacked by a French horseman, who struck him on the arm. The tough fellow, however, nothing daunted, drew his bayonet and attacked the Frenchman, who then spurred off, and Macdonald carried home his basket, grumbling, as he went along, at having forgot his "gude braidsword."

The Forty-second had soon to exchange the fruit-trees and plains of Flanders for the precipices and palm-trees of the West Indies. The French and the Caribs needed correction by steel and lead, and they got it. Having soon driven the French out of the Vizie Mountain, up which the Highlanders clambered like goats, they were then sent into the woods after the Caribs, and had to chase them up precipices, through forests, and down ravines. "In the attack on the Vizie," says Colonel Stewart, who was present, "I left one of my men behind (because he was married) to take charge of the soldiers' knapsacks. At the third redoubt some one tapped my shoulder, and, looking round, I saw his Amazonian wife with her clothes tucked up to her knees, cheering and animating the men. 'Well done my Highland lads,' she cried. 'Look how the brigands scamper. Come on, and drive them from the next hill.'"

In an ambuscade Colonel Graham was shot through the body, and dragged over the rough channel of a stream to the sea-shore. He returned to England very ill, and never recovered till the evening of the illuminations for Camperdown, when the smoke of the flambeaux set him coughing, and he threw up a piece of cloth (no doubt driven in by the ball), and from that hour recovered as by a charm.

In one of these West Indian fights, Colonel David Stewart (in his sketches of the Highlanders) remarked how soon his young Highland recruits acquired a taste for blood. He particularly noticed one young fellow whom he had seen turn pale and shudder at a soldier's pugilistic fight. At the Vizie redoubts (between the second and third) he came on this same lad with his

foot on a French soldier, whom he had bayoneted, trying to twist his head off. Stewart desired him to let the body alone.

"Oh, the brigand," said the youth. "I must take off his head."

But on being reminded that there were live Frenchmen facing him, who also had heads, he sprang forward to the front.

In 1800 this intrepid regiment was sent to Egypt with Abercromby's forces to land at Aboukir. With thirteen thousand two hundred and thirty-four men, we had to land in the face of thirty thousand. Seven days Abercromby had to wait, a violent gale preventing the landing. At two A.M., on the 8th of March, a rocket gave the signal, and one hundred and fifty boats, containing five thousand men (the Forty-second in the centre), pulled straight for the low sandy shore. We were received with a heavy fire, that sank several boats, from the batteries in front, the castle of Aboukir on the flank, and the musketry of two thousand five hundred Frenchmen. The Forty-second, Fortieth, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-third regiments soon got under shelter of the batteries, and charging up the sandhills, drove back the enemy's foot and horse, the Highlanders losing thirty-one killed, and one hundred and forty rank and file wounded. On the 12th we advanced to Mandora Tower, through palm and date woods, drove the French from a range of heights, and pushed on nearer Alexandria. The Forty-second, with the reserve under Major-General Moore, were posted on high ground near the ruins of an old Egyptian palace, which the Fifty-eighth occupied. A sand plain spread in front, the canal of Alexandria and the lake of Aboukir were on the left. The French occupied a ridge of parallel hills behind them. For seven days the armies remained quiet. At three A.M., on the 21st of March, loud shouts were heard, our pickets were driven in, and the trampling of a great multitude announced Menou's attack. In an instant, the redoubt near the ruins, and the Highlanders' position, were impetuously attacked, and while the front was tested with steel and fire, a column of Frenchmen stole in the dark between the Highlanders' left and right wing. The Forty-second instantly attacked it front and rear, and drove the enemy into the ruins. The French fought till they had lost six hundred and fifty men, when the two hundred and fifty survivors threw down their arms and surrendered their standard and guns to Major Stirling, of the Forty-

second. The enemy now pressing on in great force, Abercromby called out :

" My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers ! " and the men rushed to the attack, not seeing that three squadrons of French cavalry were preparing to charge through the retreating infantry. General Moore gave the order to retire and form again near the redoubt, but only a few of the companies heard the order. The Highlanders were broken ; down came the cavalry eager for butchery ; enemies were on the flank and in the rear ; yet every man stood firm, and though the Forty-second was, as it were, ridden down by cavalry, only thirteen men were wounded by French sabres. The companies stood solid and drove back the horsemen ; the rest of the cavalry, passing through the openings, wheeled to the left, where the Twenty-eighth poured on them a fire that killed or disabled all that were not taken. In all these attacks the Highlanders first shot the horses before they got within sword's length, then bayoneted the riders before they could get disentangled. Furious at this repulse of the élite of his cavalry, Menou launched forth his infantry, supported by cavalry, and they, too, were driven back. A third torrent of cavalry followed, and the advance of Brigadier Stuart's brigade alone saved the brave Highlanders from annihilation.

For their share in winning this victory the Forty-second were rewarded by being allowed to bear the word " Egypt " on their colours, and the sphynx which still adorns their bonnets.

In Spain the Forty-second again showed their mettle, and their trusty bayonets were seldom far from the thickest of the fight. In that disastrous winter march to Corunna—two hundred and fifty miles of snowy mountains—the men who had learned of old how to breast a brae and ford a river, bore the fatigues better than any. They seem to have been able foragers ; and, indeed, it was bitter hard for men to march and fight all day, and then bivouac at night, weak and starving, in a country that was supposed to be friendly.

The author of a Personal Narrative of a Private Soldier, who served in the Forty-second Highlanders, says, in talking of the retreat :

" Some of our good Highlanders went out to forage. No men in the army were their match in this midnight duty ; they were perfect catarans ; if they came to a farmhouse and wanted a hen or two, they would

merely apply a brimstone match to its beak. The poor hen gave one sneeze and dropped down lifeless ! No roost was safe, if there was no dog to give the alarm. The foragers belonged to my mess, and did not like to see their officers eating potatoes. ' By the cross, they'll have potatoes and point, if there be aught in the land,' said a trusty Argyllshire man ; and he was as good as his word. The foragers often returned with a sheep and a kid, and their plaids full of Irish fruit."

At the battle of Corunna hunger made the Forty-second peculiarly savage. Fourteen thousand five hundred English had to drive back twenty thousand French, who were eager to snap them up before they could embark. The Forty-second was sent to meet the French column breaking through Elorna, and trying to turn the right of Baird's division. The ground was rocky, full of ditches, and intersected by stone walls and hollow roads. Sir John Moore came up to the Forty-second, and said :

" There is no use in making a long speech, but, Forty-second, I hope you will do as you have done before."

The Highlanders lay down at the back of the height, and when the French were within a few yards, sprang up, delivered a terrific volley, and then gave them the bayonet.

" The French came up the hill cheering," says a Highland soldier who was present, " as if there were none to oppose them, we being out of their sight. When they came up to the top of the hill, all the word of command that was given was—' Forty-second, charge.' In one moment every man was up with a cheer, and every shot did execution. They were so close upon us that we gave them the bayonet the instant we fired. The confusion that now ensued baffles all the powers of memory or imagination — pell-mell, ding-dong, ilk a man got his birdie, many of us skived pairs, front and rear rank ; to the right about they went, and we after them. I think I see the grisly fellows now, running and jumping, as the Highlanders, laughing and swearing, stuck the pointed steel into their loins. We followed them down to the valley, and stopped not for general or commanding officer ; but still on, in the rage and wrath of the Highlanders. When we had driven them in upon their other columns, we ourselves retreated, but were not pursued, and took the advantage of a ditch that was in the valley, from which

we kept up a constant fire on the enemy till dark. . . . All the time I was in that ditch I was standing up to the knee in mud. I had a narrow escape here; it was within a hair's-breadth. In assisting a man that was wounded to the top of the ditch, we were no sooner upon it than a shower of grape-shot was poured upon us, which killed the wounded man and another comrade, who was helping him up. As we pursued them down the hill there was a poor Frenchman sorely wounded, and on his knees, his hands uplifted, and pleading for quarter. My next man, a robust Highlander, in his rage exclaimed, 'You tamt Bonaparte man. She'll run her through.' With a sudden jerk of my musket, I threw his on his shoulder, and the poor fellow's life was saved. We were in full speed after his comrades, and far past him, before my countryman brought his piece to the charge again. The Highlander thanked me many a time afterwards, and used to add, 'The deed would have been done but for you, John, I was in such a rage at the time.'

About this time Baird was wounded and Sir John Moore fell, but the victory was with the English, and the embarkation was secured. In Lieutenant-General Hope's general orders, the Forty-second were allowed to have sustained the weight of the attack.

But though foremost on the rocks of Busaco, staunch at Fuentes, gallant at the storm of Burgos, terrible at Nivelle, and irresistible at Orthes, there was nowhere, except Quatre Bras, where the Forty-second won so much honour as at the battle of Toulouse. The Forty-second and two other regiments had to carry a chain of redoubts, which Soult was resolute to hold. As they halted in view of the enemy's position, Wellington rode by at a hard trot. "There goes Wellington," cried the soldiers; "look out, my lads, we shall have some hot work presently." "Darkening the whole hill, flanked by clouds of cavalry, and covered by the fire of their redoubts, the enemy came down upon us like a torrent. Their generals and field officers rode in front, and waved their hats amidst shouts resembling the roar of an ocean. Our Highlanders, as if actuated by one instinctive impulse, took off their bonnets too, and, waving them in the air, returned their greeting with three cheers!" There was a death-like silence for a few minutes; the enemy paused; the Forty-second then fired and brought down some officers of distinction. The French returning a volley, ad-

vanced amid a deafening roar of musketry and artillery. The Highlanders returned the fire only once, advanced up the hill, and met the enemy at the charge. The French fell back, and the first redoubt of the five was taken. Under cover of a bank the division remained, till Major-General Pack rode up and addressed the brigade. He had obtained General Clinton's permission, and cried:

"In the charge which we are now to make upon the enemy's redoubt, the Forty-second Regiment will have the honour of leading on the attack. The Forty-second will advance!"

The redoubts were three hundred yards distant over ploughed fields. The grenadiers of the Forty-second led the way; but no sooner did their black plumes appear over the banks, than a tremendous fire opened on them from the redoubts. The right wing hastily forming into line, without waiting for the left, which was ascending by companies from a hollow way, rushed on the batteries through a deadly storm of grape-shot. Just as the redoubt was reached, the French fled, leaving their last stronghold in our hands; but of the five hundred Highlanders of the morning, scarcely ninety entered the city of Toulouse.

"Amidst the clouds of smoke in which they were curtained," says Malcolm of the Forty-second, an eye-witness, "the whole line of redoubts would every now and then start into view amidst the wild and frightful blaze, then vanish again into utter darkness. Our men were mown down by sections. I saw six of the company to which I belonged fall together, as if swept away by the discharge of one gun, and the whole ground over which we rushed was covered with the dead."

When Napoleon broke from Elba, the Forty-second was one of the first regiments called to the field. On the alarm in Brussels on the night of June the 15th, the Highlanders were the first to muster to the scream of the well-known wild pibroch, and they marched at four A.M. through Soignies forest to defend Quatre Bras from Ney's attack.

The regiment had been very popular in Brussels. "At Brussels," says Simpson, in his Visit to Flanders, "and wherever I went in the Netherlands, whenever the English troops were mentioned, the natives always returned to the Scotch, with 'Mais les Ecossais; they are good and kind, as well as brave; they are the only soldiers who become *enfants de la famille* in the houses in which they are billeted; they

will carry the children, and do the domestic work.' The favourite proverbial form of compliment was 'Les Ecossais sont lions dans la bataille, et agneaux dans la maison'—lions in the field, and lambs in the house. There was a competition amongst the inhabitants who should have them in their houses; and when they returned wounded, the same house they had left had its doors open, and the family went out some miles to meet 'Notre Ecossais,' our own Scotchman. The people had many instances to relate of the generosity of these men."

At Quatre Bras, the Forty-second fell into a terrible trap, but extricated themselves from it by the same self-reliance and indomitable courage they had shown in Egypt. They had been posted on a slope in line close upon the left of a road along which the Death's Head Brunswickers had just dashed, and were advancing through a field of rye that came nearly up to their shoulders. At that moment a body of French lancers bore down upon them, and were taken at first for Prussians or Belgians. The older soldiers, however, alive to danger, commenced a scattered oblique fire on the spearmen, which Sir Dennis Pack and the Forty-second officers endeavoured to restrain. Suddenly the lancers wheeled sharply round, and advanced in admirable order directly on the rear of the Forty-second and Forty-fourth (part of Picton's division). The Forty-second, now conscious of danger, ran at once into a square; but before the flank companies could run in and kneel, and form the rear face, the cruel lances were upon them. The men who could not get into the square, stood back to back, and fought with the bayonet in spite of the French officers' cries of "Why don't you surrender? Down with your arms. You see you are beaten." At the first shock of the lancers, the leading division penetrated the square, wounding and carrying with them many men of the two companies, and creating a temporary confusion. But Highland soldiers are cool as they are brave; the lancers inside the square, already sure of victory, were hemmed in, bayoneted, or captured. The endangered face of the square filled up into a living wall, and the square was never again broken in spite of charge after charge. There it stood like a tower of steel, and against it the French lances broke and splintered in vain. It was particularly noticed that in the very tumult of the charges, and amidst a galling fire, the

Highland soldiers were careful not to tread on the French wounded, who lay groaning in the centre of the square. In this fierce struggle for life, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Macrae, K.C.B., was killed by a lance thrust, which passed through his chin and up into his brain; and his adjutant escaped at the first rush of the lancers only by being fortunately thrown from his horse immediately under his men's bayonets. The regiment latterly was commanded by Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Henry Dick; he, too, severely wounded, was succeeded by Brevet-Major Davidson. When Davidson fell, "another for Hector" stepped forward, and Brevet-Major Campbell took the command. This rapid promotion all took place in a few minutes. When Captain Menzies fell, covered with wounds, his grenadiers pressed forward to save him, and there was an Homeric struggle over his body.

In one of these onslaughts, says Quartermaster-sergeant Anton, six privates fell into the enemy's hands. Among these was a little lad (Smith Fyfe) about five feet high. The French general, on seeing this diminutive-looking lad, is said to have lifted him up by the collar or breech, and exclaimed to the soldiers who were near him: "Behold the sample of the men of whom you seem afraid!" This lad returned a few days afterwards, dressed in the clothing of a French grenadier, and was saluted by the name of Napoleon, which he retained until he was discharged.

A Scotch regiment was for a considerable time unemployed by any French column, though exposed to a fire of round-shot. The officers, who had a complete view of the field, saw the Forty-second and other battalions warmly engaged in charging, and the young men could not brook the contrast presented by their inactivity. "It will," said they, "be the same now as it always has been. The Forty-second will have all the luck of it. There will be a fine noise in the newspapers about that regiment, but devil the word of us." Some of their elders consoled them by assuring them of the probability that, before the day was over, "they would have quite enough of it."

The Forty-second was several times during the day thrown into squares to repel charges of cuirassiers. Before their dreadful volleys these men, clad in steel, dropped fast from their saddles, and eyewitnesses describe the clash of the armour,

the curses of the assailants, the screams of the dying, the neighing of the horses, and the blaze and crackle of the musketry, as forming a terrible combination of horrors.

At Waterloo, too, the Forty-second fought with great stubbornness, and it was through their opened ranks that the Scots Greys made their tremendous and overwhelming charge; and when the Greys returned victorious the Highlanders received them with yells of, "Glory of Scotland!" The Forty-second lost three officers, two sergeants, and forty-five rank and file; while twelve sergeants, two drummers, and two hundred and fifteen rank and file were wounded. For their bravery on this day the Forty-second was allowed to blazon the word "Waterloo" on their colours, a medal was conferred on every officer and soldier, and the privilege of reckoning two years' service towards additional pay and pension on discharge was granted to the men.

Of the regiment's late exploits we have no room here to speak. Let us trust that the Forty-second may ever remain as perfect as at present, from the "sphynx to the buckle," and may the motto of their banner, "Nemo me impune lacescit," be as grimly true in the future as it was in days of yore.

#### MODERN ROMAN MOSAICS.

FROM A BALCONY ON THE CORSO.

TAKE a long, rather narrow, street of tall houses, with all the many windows and balconies of all their many stories crowded with heads, and hung with coloured draperies, mostly red; strew the horse road with bright yellow sand; stretch a blue, cloud-speckled sky overhead, pouring down the intense light of an Italian spring afternoon; endow all the grotesque figures of men and women in Mr. Cremer's toy-shop with life; add to them a large throng of mortals clad in the ordinary cosmopolitan costume of to-day; provide yourself, moreover, with hundreds of vehicles of every conceivable shape and pattern; from the elegant landau, to the rickety one-pony gig; from the top-heavy construction on wheels representing a Swiss chalet, or a ship full rigged, to the hired fiacre, covered, horses and all, with sheets of white and coloured calico; send the whole mass pell-mell to perambulate the long street from end to end in two files, at such a quicker or slower pace as the

varying density of the crowd necessitates; cause a mingled roar to arise into the air, comparable to nothing I have heard, save the indescribable noise made by a London mob at the gallery door of a theatre on boxing-night; rain upon this crowd from every window and coigne of 'vantage a furions shower of small plaster-of-paris pellets; bags full of common flour, a few bouquets, and lumps of coloured chalk, styled by courtesy "sweetmeats;" do all this, and you will have the main ingredients for a Carnival Corso on Shrove Tuesday in Rome.

It is a strange spectacle. It has been described many times, well, ill, and indifferently; but every genuine experience has some value, if genuinely narrated, and I paint my picture at least sincerely, giving every tint and outline as I saw them, and not as I was told beforehand I should see them.

Well, here we are in a balcony near the centre of the long street called the Corso (so named from the fact of the main carnival procession, or "corso," passing through it), excellently placed for seeing and hearing. Our view is bounded in one direction by the Piazza del Popolo, where are wooden barriers erected for the race of the "barberi," which is to come off by-and-by, and in the other, by the Piazza di Venezia. It is about four o'clock of the afternoon, and the "fun" is at its height. On our way to the house of the Roman marchesa, whose hospitable balcony received us on this occasion, we have already encountered several agreeable adventures of a carnivalesque quality. My hat and coat have been thickly powdered with flour, aimed with exquisite felicity from the windows above. A lady of the party has received full on her cheek a smart blow, from a handful of flour and confetti delivered at short range from the hand of a playful mask. A hailstorm of plaster-of-paris pellets rattled on heads and shoulders the whole way until we gained the sheltering passage we were in search of, and presented ourselves in our hostess's salon with as much grace as our dusty-millerish attire and battered head-gear permitted.

That was, as it were, the prologue and preliminary to the full enjoyment of Shrove Tuesday's Corso. They are so gay, these southern people! I think, however, that with an unlimited supply of chalk and flour, I could undertake to make Little Pedlington equally "gay," even although its inhabitants be but morose islanders, victims (as

all the world knows) to the spleen, and accustomed (who shall gainsay it?) to hang themselves on the smallest provocation. But then—Little Pedlington would probably get drunk. Aye, there's the rub! Now these Roman merry-makers are sober, in the technical sense, every man of them, quite guiltless of any suspicion of a drop too much, and therefore not absolutely dangerous to life and limb. True, our friend the marchess had her mouth disfigured by a swollen bruise, the result of a little too energetically flung volley of confits aimed at her on the day before. It had drawn blood, she told us, "but very little"—and surely it is worth while to endure a cut lip for the sake of the brilliant pleasures of the Carnival Corso. Many, perhaps most, of the lookers-on at the windows and balconies wear little wire masks. Armed with this trifling precaution, one may enjoy all the "gaiety," and be unconstrainedly "gay" oneself.

Hooked on to the iron railing of the balcony in front of us is a long, narrow, wooden trough filled with confetti (the plaster-of-paris pellets aforesaid), and provided with long-handled scoops, wherewith to project the missiles as far as possible. Confetti rain down on us from the windows above. Confetti shoot up at us, and with considerable force, from the windows below. Confetti come flying obliquely at us from the windows on the right and the left. Every now and then a soft shower of meal descends, and powders still more thickly our already whitened coats.

Down in the street there the pavement is covered with a thick paste of confetti, trodden into that consistency by thousands of passing footsteps. Bunches of flowers fly across the Corso from balcony to balcony, and are received with a smile and a bow, or, missing their goal, fall, and become a prey to the street boys, who scramble and claw each other for them on their knees, among the horses' feet, and in the dirty white dust. Every human being who passes is powdered like a miller from head to foot. A brisk fire of confetti is kept up from the carriages as well as from the balconies and windows. Look up the street, or down the street, and you will see a constant succession of what look at a distance like tiny white clouds, or puffs of steam from a locomotive, flying backward and forward, from one side of the Corso to the other, swift as a weaver's shuttle.

Now passes a car full of masks, all dressed alike in fawn-coloured dominos

with green facings, and all energetically ladling out confetti from great baskets which stand before them. Anon comes a company of scarlet dominos, with black masks and horns, whom of course you at once perceive to be demons. There goes a ship, creaking and reeling on four wheels, and manned by a crew the like of which was never seen out of a Christmas pantomime. This nautical party is closely followed by a bizarre equipage consisting of an ancient hackney-coach past work—can the reader conceive the point of dilapidation which a foreign hack vehicle must have reached before it is finally withdrawn from active service?—and drawn by three donkeys, the foremost of which is ridden by a postilion rigged out something after the fashion of the quack doctor of the Italian stage, with embroidered coat, knee breeches, a wig made of tow, and a huge shirt-frill sticking out of his waistcoat. Two masks in blue calico dominos occupy the carriage, and the poor little donkeys seem to have plucked up a spirit for the occasion, and go along at a brisk trot. Then comes a party of ancient Roman warriors, with crimson draperies, short swords, and helmets, all complete. These worthies are seated very much at their ease in a two-horse fiacre, lined for the nonce with white cotton stuff, and are driven by a modern Roman, whose shabby coat and trousers, and befouled "wide-awake," contrast queerly enough with the classic grandeur of his fare.

Presently, between the carriages, and clearing the crowd of pedestrians, rushes by a mascherata of seven or eight persons in pink, blue, yellow, and white dominos, with grotesque masks; leaping, running, shouting, or occasionally indulging in the peculiar discordant falsetto tone which is affected by all masks in Carnival time, and which was, of course, originally assumed to disguise the natural voice, and so avoid recognition. In their wake follows harlequin; the veritable harlequin familiar to our Christmas holidays, with many-coloured tights, white felt hat, black mask, and bat of lath. And he too leaps and runs, although, it must be owned, with a somewhat cow-like grace! There is the Neapolitan Pulcinella, the mediæval noble, the classic senator, the picturesque peasant of the Abruzzi, bears, monkeys, white dominos with the heads of geese, and several nondescript figures which, by a positive inspiration of sagacity whereon I plume myself not a little, I recognise as

being intended to represent Scottish Highlanders!

But all these motley groups—demons, sailors, warriors, senators, harlequin, Pulcinella, geese, bears, monkeys, quack doctors, and Highlanders—are alike intent upon flinging confetti at their neighbours, by the handful, by the ladleful, by the sackful. That is, apparently, the grand aim and end of the assembled multitude. The spectacle is undoubtedly bright, striking, and animated; but in order to see it with any tranquillity or enjoyment, one should be ensconced behind some species of casemate, and sheltered from the disturbing volleys of hard pellets, which rattle almost without intermission on nose, eyes, cheeks, forehead, and shoulders.

We all know the old chronicler's dictum that we English are accustomed to take our pleasures "moult tristement." Look down upon the surging crowd beneath us, and say if there be not some strain of sadness in this fashion of amusement. It is noisy enough, no doubt. But of downright enjoyment, of spontaneous fun and merriment, how much do you see? The sound that ascends to yonder brilliant sky is a mere brutal roar, devoid of all hilarity. Look at those passing faces. Do you see a smile on any one of them? I do not. I see eager, anxious, weary—in some cases wolfish—expressions, but no smile; no sunshine of the heart. In a word, the people do not look happy. Yet I doubt not that they fancy themselves to be enjoying the passing minutes to the utmost, and would scout with surprise and indignation any suggestion that the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday might possibly be spent more pleasantly than they are spending it now.

In the balconies there is more cheerfulness of expression—especially in those balconies which are protected in some measure by an awning from the showers of confetti. Here are young persons and children, mostly foreigners, to whom the Carnival Corso is novel and amusing, and for whom the ineffable magic of childhood casts a glamour of enchantment over the scene. But the native spectators, the old hands, are tired to death of the whole affair. Yet they persist in doing and saying the regulation things, with the steady and pathetic constancy of an old circus horse wearily ambling his accustomed round. Our hostess, a gracious, dark-eyed lady, whispers piteously to one of her female guests that this is the tenth day of the festivities, that she does not know how

she shall last out until the evening, being already fagged almost beyond endurance, and that she shall hail the advent of Ash Wednesday, which puts an end to Carnival gaieties, with fervent thankfulness. Nevertheless there she stands, as she has stood hour after hour, throwing and receiving showers of plaster bullets, bowing, smiling, gesticulating, and taking care that each of the visitors who throng her apartment has a place at one or other of her various windows and balconies, with a heroism worthy of a better cause. And there is tough work before her yet; for it is only five o'clock, and there are the barberi and the moccoli still to come.

The barberi are merely riderless horses, which run a race, as all the world knows, from one end of the Corso to the other: from the Piazza del Popolo, that is, to the Piazza di Venezia. The poor brutes are urged on by hanging plates and spiked balls of metal suspended from their backs, so as to beat against their flanks, and by the shouts and hand-clappings of the crowd. This portion of the Carnival amusements has become well-nigh intolerable to numbers of the inhabitants of Rome. Accidents, often of a serious, sometimes of a fatal, nature, happen at nearly every race. But the basso popolo, the real populace, will not hear of the barberi being abolished, and look on them as the choicest ingredient in the festival. Only yesterday a man was knocked down by one of the terrified rushing horses, and killed on the spot.

But we must not think of such unpleasant matters now; for hark, there is the gun which gives the signal to prepare for the race, by the withdrawal of all carriages from the Corso, and at once a thrill of interest and expectation runs through the crowd. In a wonderfully short space of time the vehicles disappear. A detachment of soldiers march through the street headed by a very zealous, if not very mellifluous, military band. For a brief while the wearisome volleys of confetti cease. All heads are eagerly turned towards the Piazzo del Popolo, where, in a cleared space surrounded by barricades, four or five horses presently appear. Another gun. They are off. But, good Heavens, where are the barriers to keep the crowd within bounds, and make a road for the horses? There are none. The horses seem to cleave their own course as they gallop wildly onward half maddened by fear and excitement. The swaying mass of human beings parts before them like

water before a swift prow, and closes again in their wake. In a few seconds the beasts rush by beneath our balcony, accompanied and followed by deafening shouts. In a few seconds more, it is all over. The race is run. The military band marches back up the street. The carriages reappear. This time there is nobody killed or wounded, and the corsa de' barberi has been a great success.

And now, here and there, with a fitful glimmer, sometimes high up, sometimes low down, the moccoli begin to shine. The moccoli are small wax tapers held in the hand either singly or in bunches. It is the object of every one to keep his own moccoli alight, and to extinguish the moccoli of everybody else. The rule is simple and intelligible enough.

Gradually, as the daylight wanes in the western sky, these tiny flames sparkle more numerous and brilliant on every hand. Pyramids of gas-jets are lighted in the street. From many windows coloured Bengal fires are displayed, red, green, and white. Some innovators hold out at arm's length pyrotechnic contrivances which send forth showers of sparks in a fire-fountain. The sparks fall on clothes and on heads; on wooden window-shutters, and boxes now nearly emptied of their confetti. They fall in your eyes, if you unwarily look upward unprotected by a mask. They burn holes in your coat, and in your wife's shawl. The moccoli drip hot wax, with impartial bounty, on all comers, and in all directions. But no matter! These be Carnival diversions. You must be enjoying yourself, you know! No British manners here, of taking your pleasure moul't tristement. So accept the scalding wax and the fire-fountain, and reciprocate your neighbour's attentions by trying to flap out his moccoli with a rag attached to a long cane. And if you are animated, and go into the thing with spirit, you may be fortunate enough to knock his hat off, or give him a smart fillip in the eye, in the course of your efforts.

Now from windows above, and windows below, from windows to the right, and windows to the left, protrude these long, flexible canes, with a cloth firmly fixed to the ends of them. And they wave, and flap, and bang on all sides, extinguishing moccoli, and sometimes seized upon by a hand in some balcony, and forcibly detained whilst a sharp struggle goes on for possession, and the hoarse cry of "Senza moccolo! senza moccolo!" — "without a

moccolo!"—resounds in triumph or derision.

Down in the street pedestrians carry moccoli and Bengal lights. A brisk warfare goes on between them and the occupants of the carriages, each party endeavouring to blow out, or flap out, the moccoli of the other.

Looking along the tapering perspective of the Corso, the scene is certainly brilliant and fairy-like, if one were but at peace to contemplate its beauty. Hundreds, thousands of tiny tapers glitter along the line. They might be carried by elfin torch-bearers at the revels of Oberon and Titania. The double file of vehicles moves on in the gathering darkness like a procession of fantastic monsters, with great luminous eyes. There are glowing circles of ruby, amethyst, and emerald radiance mixed at intervals with the golden yellow of the other flames. The long bamboos with their cotton flags sweep hither and thither, and flap like the wings of weird flying creatures started to life from some old painted arabesque, and still the heavens grow of a darker, deeper blue. The cries, and shouts, and uncouth noises of the multitude, rise up into a sky spangled with serenely scintillating stars. They have looked down on strange sights in the Eternal City, those stars: on many "fantastic tricks" played off "before high heaven." It is wondrous to gaze upward at their ethereal brightness, from the hot glare of the last hours of Carnival, as we walk homeward.

The roar of the Corso grows fainter in the distance. There is a peacefulplash of fountains in our ears; when suddenly with a vibrating boom and jingle of tambourines, two white-robed maskers hurrying toward the scene of revelry, glide past us like the ghosts of long dead and gone Romans, and disappear mutely in the black shadow thrown by three tall columns of the Forum.

## NOTES OR GOLD?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "FATAL ZERO,"  
&c. &c.

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### CHAPTER XXXIX. CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

It was the irrepressible Lady Duke come off, hot foot, to begin operations, now that "the ground was cleared." She looked a little disconcerted when she saw that Mrs. Gardiner was "on the ground"

before her; and the two ladies sniffed a reciprocal hostility.

Mr. Doughty seemed overflowing with bitterness, and his eyes sparkled with eagerness.

"All my relations have been unceasing in their attendance during my illness," he said, "and I will show my gratitude to them in some way. Look at all these chests that have come down from London. They contain jewels, books, family papers, what not. They are all part of the estate, and, when I am taken away, must be distributed among my heirs. I dare say you will not have long to wait. Eh, Lady Duke, are you impatient?"

"Oh!" said that lady, shocked at the imputation, "surely you do not think so badly of me?"

"What would you have me think of all the world after the way I have been treated! There are people in this world who cannot be even bribed to come near a poor sick dying being, for fear of compromising themselves. That is a spectacle of virtue, which, I must say, none of you could have imitated. I don't want you to do so. I am going now to be generous, and to take care of my own flesh and blood. As a beginning, Lady Duke, look at that heap of torn-up papers. There is the draft of my will. But now I must take care of you all. Tell me," he said to Lady Duke, "has your son quitted England as yet?"

"No," said that lady. "I had a letter from him this morning. I believe the sailing of his vessel was postponed."

He started up.

"I knew it. It is now as clear as daylight. He did not write to you that she had gone to meet him. What an instance of an overpowering passion!"

For a moment Lady Duke was confounded by this statement. But she had penetration enough to see how the matter really stood, and, like Mrs. Gardiner, inflamed the delusion by an artful suggestion.

"I never thought of that! But no! she could not be so abandoned to all sense of propriety and decency."

"Love will do anything," he said. "What is this now?"

The servant came to say that Mr. Nagle was below. Mr. Doughty winced, and even shivered.

"Take any shape but that," he said. "No, I am hardly in the vein to receive any one bearing that name. Tell him not now. Another time. I really think the sight of

that poor musician, and the allusions he would be certain to make to his child, would really overcome my brain, which seems to me to be only just nicely balanced. Now leave me. Do."

They went away, interchanging curious looks. On the stairs they met the doctor.

"He is very odd," said Lady Duke. "He seems quite unsettled by the shock."

The doctor shook his head.

"I have been dreading this," he said. "The news should have been broken to him gently."

"Oh," said Lady Duke, in defence of her new ally, "I am sure Mrs. Gardiner took every care about that. He must have known it sooner or later."

Mrs. Gardiner gave her a grateful look, and squeezed her hand.

"I really think," continued Lady Duke, "he should not be much left alone. His manner was singularly wild. You are aware that he has torn up the will," she added, in a low voice. "Mrs. Gardiner saw him do it."

"I can swear to that," said that lady, in a low voice. "He really raved about being deserted and betrayed by that girl; and then snatched up the papers and tore them into shreds. And his words, as he did so, were—'See, this was intended for her. But I'll be a fool no longer.' And I can assure you that he looked and spoke like a maniac as he did so."

The three conspirators gazed at each other with a curious meaning in their face.

"Do you think, Doctor Spooner," asked Lady Duke, hesitatingly, "a crisis like this is likely to make him worse, or would it expend itself, and wear out?"

"From morbidly dwelling on it, he will grow worse," said the doctor. "I should not be at all surprised if, after to-night, we shall see a most singular change in him. I begin to fear so."

The conspirators were thus whispering with heads bent close together, when a voice came from below stairs which made them start.

"I say, Spooner, are you coming down? Am I to be kept here all day?"

It was Mr. Nagle.

"This man here again," said Lady Duke. "What effrontery!"

"The coolest piece of assurance!" said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Well, after all," said the doctor, "we must make some allowance; he is not so much to blame. I'll speak to him. I know

how to manage him. May I ask you to go away now?"

The two ladies looked at him suspiciously. In these exciting times every one was suspicious; and the most indifferent action might assume the most varied complexion according to the suspicions of the lookers on.

"Yes, go away," said the doctor, impatiently.

They descended, and passed Mr. Nagle with a haughty bow. That gentleman had lost all restraint, and was really desperate.

"Fine work this," he said. "I know the game that is hatching up-stairs. But I'll be a witness against the whole pack. Don't think I've been hoodwinked all this time. Don't think that I can't see what's plotting."

"Sir!" said the two ladies.

"If there's law in the land I'll not see my child schemed and humbugged out of her rights. There's a will made and executed securing 'em to her; and if that's not forthcoming at the proper time, I'll have the law. Ah! you thought you had got rid of us!"

The ladies gave him a haughty look of contempt, and swept away past him. The Nagle-Gardiner alliance was thus dissolved almost as suddenly as it was formed, and a new one, the Duke-Gardiner, constituted. As soon as the door was closed upon them the doctor took Mr. Nagle mysteriously aside.

"He does not want to see you," he said. "He said so a moment ago."

"I don't believe it," said the musician.

"Polite! You can go up if you will. Only, I entreat you, be moderate in your behaviour. He said himself," added the doctor, with meaning, "before three witnesses, that the sight of any one bearing your name would overset his brain."

The music-master stared wildly. It had begun to force itself on his rather narrow faculties, that a mysterious chain of events was being woven around him, and that skilful hands were raising up impenetrable barriers between him and the object of his hopes. For the first time he began to feel that he was rather a helpless creature.

Somewhat cowed, he answered: "Of course I should not like to have any bad effect upon him; but it is very hard that I should be shut out in this way. I, in whose favour—or at least in that of my child, but it's all the same thing, you know—a will has been executed. She's his heiress,

and in her absence I'm duly constituted trustee, or as good."

"I am sorry to dash your hopes," was the answer; "but it's my duty to tell you that the document has been destroyed, and in presence of Mrs. Gardiner. If you go up and see him he will probably tell you of the circumstance."

The unfortunate Nagle was almost struck down by this news, and remained staring stupidly at his informant.

At last he recovered himself. "I had better see him," he said, quietly. "There can't be such villainy in the world. I'll make no noise, I give you my word of honour."

"To be sure," cried the doctor, "nothing more reasonable. By all means, go up. But recollect his mind is in that state of balance that the slightest excitement will overset it. Now go up."

Awe-stricken and crushed, Mr. Nagle went up and tapped softly at the door. A wild face was put forth.

"You there!" cried Mr. Doughty. "Why not bring your cruel, heartless daughter? She has pierced me to the heart—she has killed me. What do you want?"

"Just to see you," said Mr. Nagle, collecting himself for a desperate effort. "And I may only have this opportunity, for there is such a gang about the house that soon no one will have access to you at all."

"What, you mean my relatives? But, as I said, what do you want—money? Not a halfpenny. I intend to give it all to charity, to build an hospital for the Incurables. 'I shall die and endow a college or a cat.'"

Mr. Nagle started at this expression, which he had never heard before, and which he assumed to be the coinage of his friend's brain.

"A cat," he repeated, "endow a cat! My goodness! what a singular idea."

"Yes," repeated the other, "a whole community of cats, sooner than a shilling should come to those who have broken my heart. As for the will," went on Mr. Doughty; "there are the fragments. Your daughter has lost a fortune, but she has shown a splendid example of Spartan self-denial. All at my expense, though. God forgive her for it. She has dealt with me cruelly—cruelly—"

"No, no," said the other, deprecatingly. "She will come back, I know she will."

"Let her do what she please—I do not care to hear of her now. Never breathe her name to me. I suppose you fancy that

I shall in time become again the soft, foolish dupe I have been, and lavish everything on her and the lover for whom she has sacrificed me."

"Who do you mean?" asked Mr. Nagle, quite bewildered. "I vow and protest—"

"No, of course, you know nothing. Not that she has gone after her idol—that his departure for India was all a delusion. She loved him from the beginning, has that girl of yours—loved him all this time—loves him now. She is with him."

"Good Heavens!" said the stupefied Nagle.

"Oh, you are beginning to see it, now. It is quite intelligible. I suppose she thought she would be forced into a hated marriage with her elderly and infatuated admirer. She need not have been afraid. From this hour I have done with her. And I have done with you all. Let me never see you again. It was an unlucky day that I first laid eyes on you."

Mr. Nagle's voice, spirit, power of action, were so taken away by these words, that he suffered himself to be driven out from the fortress on which his eyes had so long and so fondly reposed. He felt that all was over, and, with some mortification, that all through this episode he had merely figured as the obscure pawn of the game.

He retired with much consternation, and, to say the truth, was not so much overwhelmed by the complete overthrow of all his hopes, as by the singular change that had come over his late friend and patron.

"He never talked and rambled in that style before," he said to himself. "And what did he mean by talking of leaving the property to cats? Heaven help us all! Corinna can't have upset his wits?"

Doctor Spooner showed him out.

"I hope everything went on satisfactorily? You attended to my warning, I hope, and did not excite him?"

"Excite him! He was excited enough before I came in. Why, what can be over him?"

"What did he say?"

"Why, threatening every one all round; my girl Corinna, too. He has warned me not to come near him. Talks of leaving all his money to found an hospital for cats. He must be raving."

"This is very strange," said the doctor. "Are you sure of what you heard? I must own, at the same time, that his manner to the two ladies who have just left, suggested the same idea. They made almost the same remark. Founding an institution for cats, you are sure, were the words?"

"I'll take my affidavit to it," said Mr. Nagle, with importance.

"Oh! if so, then you will not be likely to let the recollection slip out of your mind. It shows great sagacity in you to have noticed what might have properly occurred to a physician. Good-bye."

Rather pleased at this compliment, Mr. Nagle went his way. The sense of being the depository of such valuable information, and the longing to find people to whom he could impart his griefs, his sense of cruel desertion, and a wish to prove that he was in communication with his late patron, made him varnish up the important fact he had communicated to Mr. Spooner.

Before evening every one was talking of the piteous condition of poor Old Doughty, shaking their heads half dismally, half joyfully, over the sudden upset of his wits. The unfortunate speech reported by Mr. Nagle was repeated with infinite zest. An infirmary for sick cats was a notion the most nicely fitted in the world to produce the impression desired; hours of description could not have done nearly so much. Mr. Nagle was led on by his vanity to repeat it to innumerable persons.

The question was then asked, "Who were his next of kin?" Whose duty was it to move in the matter? Somebody should surely take the matter up, and look after the poor creature whose wits had been overset by sickness, and the cruel shock he had received. This was an exciting topic enough for Brickford.

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